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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

LETTERS from the CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, in reply to MR. WARDEN; with Extracts from the great Work now compiling for publication, under the Inspection of Napoleon.—8vo. pp. 206.

To keep alive the memory of the great man of St. Helena, another volume has been got up, and the above is its pompous and imposing title. It consists of ten letters, dated Cape of Good Hope, from April to June last, signed C—, and addressed to some "my dear Lady C—," who it seems takes a warm interest in the fate of General Buonaparte. Who Monsieur C— is, it is not worth while to inquire: suffice it to say that *Las Casas* is insinuated to be the furnisher of the materials; that Sir Robert Wilson had a nephew, a midshipman, on board the Northumberland; and that the worthy knight's present political opinions are marvellously enforced, as well as his work on Russia bepraised, in this compilation, which is remarkable for the neat interweaving of parentheses, suited to the views of the discontented party, and the clever manner in which half a dozen versions of oft-canvassed facts, vamped up so as to look like new, are made the foundations for a long tract of factious politics, which possesses neither novelty nor entertainment.

The work is professedly an apology for Buonaparte, or rather a panegyric upon all the good deeds of that hero, including the kidnapping and imprisonment of the Royal family of Spain; the violation of neutral territory, seizure, and murder of the Duc d'Enghien; the massacre of 800 of the garrison of El-Arish in cold blood, &c. &c. &c.; and to enhance the

It is curious enough to mark the opposite line pursued by the revolutionists on occasions of great general resemblance. Of the imprisonment of Ferdinand VII. (whose person was obtained by means never glanced at, because it is impossible to excuse, far less to justify them on any one principle of honour or honesty); it is said that the sufferer had no cause to complain, because forsooth his betrayer allowed him 60,000*l.* a year to live on at Valençai, a good library, almoners and confessors: But to confine Buonaparte, whose surrender it requires all their casuistry to distinguish from that of a dangerous prisoner of war, is a shocking outrage upon sovereign rights, and the rights of humanity! Policy justified the violation of neutral territory, to destroy the Duc d'Enghien; but to arrest Baron Massenbach, is a crime to set all the lovers of independence in a flame.

modest merit of this eulogy, it is pretended to be partly extracted from the grand publication preparing under the eye of the calumniated worthy himself! Considering the hands by which this volume has been manufactured, abroad and at home, we are not surprised to meet all the old phrases which some folks have called Jacobinical in their productions for several years past. We do not wonder to hear that the Bourbons "*filled France with scaffolds and proscriptions*," though it would not be very easy to particularize even six executions; nor that Buonaparte was so merciful that he did not send any one to the guillotine during the long and busy period of his last reign of a hundred days;—nor that honest Marshal Ney, for being merely "misled by the unanimous voice of the French army and people," was afterwards murdered; nor that Moreau, Pichegru, Georges, and even the Count d'Artois, were the vilest of traitors for daring to conspire against the lawful imperial Napoleon;—nor that France is to a man anti-Bourbon, and heart and soul in love with liberty and the Emperor:—none of these things surprise us, we repeat, since we know the channel whence they come; that channel of contradictions, which united attachment to the grossest tyranny that ever existed, with a love of liberty.

Monsieur C—, of the Cape, prates against 'legimates' and 'legitimacy,' with as true a slang as if he were a Ghent or London editor, and seems to consider the odious offence implicated in these terms with due abhorrence.

He describes himself (the varlet!) to be an Englishman; as if any Englishman could so disgrace himself as to stand forth the palliator of the blackest crimes, the reviler of every moral principle, the slanderer of his native country, and the parasite of villains and assassins. No! the ground-work is French, and only so much of the additions English, as go to promote the views of certain factious and disappointed individuals, not far to seek. The mystery affected by the anonymous scribbler is too flimsy, and his contradictions too palpable, to deceive any one; yet, among his boasted qualifications for writing an authentic work, full of recondite matter, he tells us that he can speak French better than Mr. Warden, who could not speak it at all; that he had the honour of several minutes' conversation

with Buonaparte on board the Northumberland, and twice gossiped a quarter of an hour with him at St. Helena. To these prodigious sources of information is to be annexed several important conferences with some of his followers, and a peep or two (how obtained is rather too delicate a point to be stated) at the book now writing to wash the black-amoer white in the eyes of posterity.

So qualified, this pseudo-Englishman speaks as if he had lived in Paris during the last fifteen years. At the business of the infernal machine "the indignation of Paris was extreme;"—when Georges and his friends were executed, Pichegru made away with, and Moreau banished, they were unopitied and detested by all Paris:—the author either was in France during these periods, and all the rest of the time his justification of Buonaparte occupies, or he takes an unwarrantable licence in asserting matters of which he could have no knowledge but by report of the most questionable kind.

Entertaining the most contemptible opinion of this volume, and an utter disbelief of its having the slightest pretension to veracity; looking upon it as a mere political vehicle, to keep alive the curiosity of Europe, and the hopes of the turbulent and disaffected, concerning a man it would be well for mankind to forget as soon as possible; we shall not attempt to dissect the arguments, or expose the absurdities of which it is made up. Old stories not much altered, a few second-hand anecdotes that might be picked up any where, and an unblushing effrontery, are all the characteristics of this weak and unprincipled fabrication. It is calculated for the meridian of France, and thither let it find its way: but the sound sense of this country rejects such trash, of which we will defile our page with quoting the blasphemous conclusion alone—the writer thus apostrophizes his amiable and persecuted idol:

"I respect thee with the crown of thorns that force has now placed on thy brow, even more than when numerous diadems encircled it."

We have had enough of Buonaparte. It is time that he should be nothing more than an object to "point a moral;" a beacon to warn the world of the certain remorse and punishment which awaits unprincipled ambition and inhuman despotism.

TRAVELS in the interior of AMERICA, in the years 1809, 1810, 1811, &c. By John Bradbury, F. L. S. London.—8vo. pp. 364.

This volume, though it follows very closely upon the track of Messrs. Lewis, Clarke, Pike, and others, yet contains a variety of information, particularly as connected with botany, mineralogy, and geology. There is an abruptness in its commencement which we do not understand, and allusions to some disputes and wrongs of which the author complains, into which, if we did understand them, we would not enter. As we proceed we learn that his object was to investigate objects of natural history presented by the interior of the new world. In treating this subject we have a good many specimens of American style, a good deal of American feeling, not a few instances of indifferent grammar, some confusion of moods and tenses, a slight coinage of new words, and an occasional indefiniteness of description which leaves us in the dark as to the precise nature of the matters described. The latter, in a scientific work, is the greatest defect; our language is in no danger of corruption from such a source, and the author is generally comprehensible; and the inclination towards American sentiments is a more commendable quality in a traveller who has been hospitably received in that country, than the ingratitude which seeks only to spy the nakedness of a land, and abuse the kindness of its confiding population.

Mr. Bradbury accompanied an expedition of from fifty to eighty persons up the Mississippi, (i. e. "the mother of waters") and Missouri rivers. He gives an account of Upper Louisiana, and of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Tennessee; the Illinois and western territories. His propensities seem to be such as would constitute a good *Back-woodsman*; fatigues, dangers, and privations go for nothing, and he thinks civilized pleasures happily exchanged for the el-dorado of buffalo-shooting, associating with savages, and traversing deserts.

The most important facts in a political point of view, which Mr. Bradbury communicates, are those respecting the abundance of coal and iron in the Mississippi territory. These great sources of human comfort, and materials for national industry and strength, are found, according to our author, in prodigious quantities in this quarter; but as the description of their site and form can afford no gratification to our readers, we shall pass from them to the account given of

another immense natural production, "the Grand Saline." This Saline

is situated about 280 miles south-west of Fort Osage, between two forks of a small branch of the Arkansas, one of which washes its southern extremity; and the other, the principal one, runs nearly parallel, within a mile of its opposite side. It is a hard, level plain, of reddish coloured sand, and of an irregular or mixed figure. Its greatest length is from north-west to south-east, and its circumference full thirty miles. From the appearance of driftwood that is scattered over, it would seem that the whole plain is at times inundated by the overflowing of the streams that pass near it. This plain is entirely covered in hot, dry weather, from two to six inches deep, with a crust of beautiful clean white salt; it bears a striking resemblance to a field of brilliant snow after a rain, with a light crust upon its top. On a bright sunny morning, the appearance of this natural curiosity, is highly picturesque: it possesses the quality of looming, or magnifying objects, and this in a very striking degree, making the small billets of wood appear as formidable as trees. Numbers of buffaloes were on the plain.

The circumjacent country is rugged and broken; the soil generally a red clay, with huge masses of gypsum, and occasionally gravel and marshy ground. The cotton-tree and a fine species of plum abound.

The level of the bed of the Mississippi is from 150 to 200 feet below that of the surrounding country, which pours many great rivers, as well as minor streams, into the immense trough of this mighty flood. Lead ore is found in parts; but it appears that the frequency of pyrites is the foundation for the belief of the existence of silver, which still maintains itself in some opinions, notwithstanding the fruitlessness of every effort to procure that ore, since the celebrated Mississippi scheme, which shook the credit of mercantile Europe a century ago. With a few exceptions of isolated sandstone, the Missouri territory is formed of calcareous rock; a whitish limestone, containing abundance of organic remains, such as *entrochii*, *anomie*, &c.

Fossil bones have been dug up in various parts in Upper Louisiana. At a salt lick, three miles from the Merrimac River, and twelve from St. Louis, several bones have been discovered, evidently belonging to the same species of Mammoth as those found on the Ohio and in the Orange County State of New York. I have (adds our author), frequently been informed of a place on Osage River, where there are abundance of bones of great magnitude. General Clarke shewed me a tooth brought from the interior: it was a grinder, and belonged to the animal mentioned by Cuvier, called by him *Mastodonte* avec dents carrees.

As it would exceed our limits to enter minutely into the natural history of this region, we shall merely notice that its subterranean geography is interesting and extraordinary. Vast caves in the incumbent rock swallow up streams which never revisit the upper earth: in many parts there are chasms called "Sink-holes," from 30 to more than 200 yards in diameter, and diminishing towards the bottom like an inverted cone; and in these trees grow and the rushing of waters is heard. In the caves abundance of nitre is generated; three men by simply lixiviating the soil, have made 100lbs. of salt petre in a day. A bed of coal in the Illinois territory was so completely on the surface, that having accidentally caught fire it burnt for several months in 1810: the lead mines of St. Genevieve have been successfully wrought since 1725.

In descending the river from St. Louis to New Orleans in the month of December, our traveller experienced a succession of dreadful shocks from earthquake. The river was agitated as with a storm, the noise loud and terrific; the crash of falling trees, the screaming of wild fowl, the precipitation of the banks into the stream, formed altogether a scene of inconceivable confusion and affright. On land and water during seven days, the party sought alternate preservation from these tremendous convulsions, of the nature of which and of the perils they escaped some notion may be gathered from the following.

At day-light (on the first night) we had counted twenty-seven shocks during our stay on the Island (where they had sought refuge from their boat), but still found the chasm, so that it might be passed. The river was covered with foam and drift timber, and had risen considerably, but our boat was safe. While we were waiting till the light became sufficient for us to embark, two canoes floated down the river, in one of which we could perceive some Indian corn and some clothes. We considered this as a melancholy proof that some of the boats we passed the preceding day had perished. Our conjectures were afterwards confirmed, as three had been overwhelmed, and all on board perished. When the day-light appeared to be sufficient for us, I gave orders to embark, and all went on board. Two men were in the act of loosening the fastening, when a shock occurred nearly equal to the first in violence. The men ran up the bank, in order to save themselves on the island, but before they could get over the chasm, a tree fell close by them and stopped their progress. The bank appeared to me to be moving rapidly into the river, and I called out to the men in the boat, "*Coupez les cordes*." We now found ourselves again on the river. The *Chenal du Diable* (a run of a dangerous nature) was in

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sight, and appeared absolutely impassable, from the quantity of trees and drift-wood that had lodged during the night.

We continued on the river till 11 o'clock, when there was a violent shock, which seemed to affect us as sensibly as if we had been on land. The trees on both sides of the river were most violently agitated, and the banks fell in, in several places, within our view, carrying with them innumerable trees, the crash of which falling into the river, mixed with the terrible sound attending the shock, and the screaming of the geese, and other wild-fowl, produced an idea that all nature was in a state of dissolution.

We can scarcely suppose any situation more appalling than that here detailed; our voyagers were fortunately preserved, and floated down in safety to the lower Chickasaw Indians, whom they found distracted with terror from having seen the solid earth riven open in many places, accompanied by dreadful phenomena. One of these persons accounted for the earthquake in a curious manner. He

Attributed it to the comet that had appeared a few months before, which he described as having two horns, over one of which the earth had rolled, and was now lodged betwixt them: that the shocks were occasioned by the attempts made by the earth to surmount the other horn. If this could be accomplished, all would be well, if otherwise, inevitable destruction to the world would follow.

We will not say that theories equally absurd have not been maintained by philosophers nearer home than this Indian age.

Among the tribes of Indians with whom Mr. Bradbury came in contact, a multitude of curious ceremonies and customs were observed. Of these we shall note a few of the most remarkable, without attending much to the lucidus ordo, or distinguishing between Sioux, Mahas, Osages, Crow-fee, Gros-Ventres, Tetons, Ottos, Choctaws, Mandans, Aripatoes, Foxes, Snakes, Flat-heads, or Aricaras. It is common to them all to devote their clothes to the *Medecine*, or Great Spirit, when any cause renders them furious, and to rush forth with their tomahawks in their hand, destroying all they meet. This bears a striking resemblance to running a muck, in the eastern world.

A peculiar custom of the Aricaras is to have

A sacred lodge in the centre of the largest village. This is called the *Medecine Lodge*, and in one particular corresponds with the Sanctuary of the Jews, as no blood is on any account whatever to be spilled within it, not even that of an enemy; nor is any one, having taken refuge there, to be forced from it. This lodge is also the general place of deposit for such things as they devote to the *Father of Life*.

Their ideas of property among themselves is perfectly accurate. Their chief riches consist in horses, which are obtained from the nations south of them, the Chayennes, Poncars, Panies, &c. who often steal them from the Spaniards in Mexico. They believe in a Supreme Being, a future state, and supernatural agency. The great Spirit is the giver of all good, and the bad Spirits are little wicked beings, scarcely more malicious than our Fairies.

When an Indian has shot down his enemy, and is preparing to scalp him, with the tomahawk uplifted to give the fatal stroke, he will address him in words to this effect: "My name is Cashegra. I am a famous warrior, and am now going to kill you. When you arrive at the land of spirits, you will see the ghost of my father; tell him it was Cashegra that sent you there." He then gives the blow.

Murder is punished with death, the nearest of kin to the murdered acting as executioner. Cowardice is visited by degradation to menial labour and the work of women. In some tribes, a husband has a right to bite off the nose of his Squaw, if she commits adultery! Suicide among the Sioux women, and female infanticide, are not uncommon, though it is generally held that these crimes are displeasing to the *Father of Life*, and will subject the perpetrators in the land of spirits to drag about the tree to which they hang themselves: for this reason they always chuse the smallest tree that can sustain their weight.

The ceremony of smoking the Calumet is too well known to require further notice. The pipe our traveller smoked with the Sioux had a head of red stone, (*Killas*) and a stem six feet in length, highly decorated with tufts of horse-hair dyed red. A game is mentioned among the Mandans which is new to us.

A place was neatly formed, resembling a skittle alley, about nine feet in breadth, and ninety feet long: a ring of wood, about five inches in diameter, was trundled along from one end, and when it had run some distance, two Indians who stood ready, threw after it, in a sliding manner, each a piece of wood, about three feet long and four inches in breadth, made smooth on one edge, and kept from turning by a cross piece passing through it, and bended backwards so as to resemble a cross-bow. The standers-by kept an account of the game; and he whose piece, in a given number of throws, more frequently came nearest the ring after it had fallen, won the game.

We shall not pause to select a description of a Squaw dance, in honour of a successful expedition. Many of the Squaws equipped themselves in their husband's clothes, danced in a circle, and alternately harangued in praise of

the warlike deeds of their lords; nor will our space allow us to extract any of the entertaining passages relative to the hunting of the Indians, and their mode of life; the wonderful habits of the beaver and of other remarkable animals, such as the fœtid skunk, the Columbo migratorius, &c. &c. We can only mention respecting the latter, that they associate in prodigious flocks, covering sometimes several acres of land so closely as to hide the ground.

This phalanx moves through the woods with considerable celerity, picking up as it passes along, every thing that will serve for food. That all may have an equal chance, the instant that any rank becomes the last, they rise, and flying over the whole flock, alight exactly a-head of the foremost. They succeed each other with so much rapidity that there is a continual stream of them in the air, and a side view of them exhibits the appearance of the segment of a large circle moving through the woods. They cease to look for food long before they become the last rank, but strictly adhere to their regulations, and never rise till there are none behind them.

Mr. Bradbury states that the honey-bees introduced to America from Europe are increasing prodigiously; they have now penetrated all this part in myriads, and have spread so much in common with the white people as to be held either as their precursors or brother colonists.

We shall close our observations and this volume (entertaining, as we trust appears from our review, in spite of all its defects) with an aquatic adventure more sportive than the earthquake. On returning from a visit to the Mandans, our author says—

We crossed Knife river at the upper village of the Minetarees. The old Squaw who brought the canoe to the opposite side of the river, was accompanied by three young Squaws, apparently about fourteen or fifteen years of age, who came over in the canoe, and were followed by an Indian, who swam over to take care of our horses. When our saddles were taken off and put into the canoe, Mr. Brackenbridge and myself stepped in, and were followed by the old Squaw, when the three young Squaws instantly stripped, threw their clothes into the canoe, and jumped into the river. We had scarcely embarked before they began to practice on us every mischievous trick they could think of. The slow progress which the canoe made enabled them to swim round us frequently, sometimes splashing us; then seizing hold of the old Squaw's paddle, who tried in vain to strike them with it; at other times they would pull the canoe in such a manner as to change the direction of its course; at length they all seized hold of the hind part and clung to it. The old Squaw called out to the Indian who was following our horses: he immediately swam down to our assistance, and soon relieved us from our frolicsome tormentors, by plunging them

successively over head, and holding them for a considerable time under water. After some time they all made their escape from him by diving and swimming in different directions. On landing, by way of retaliation, we seized their clothes, and caused much laughing between the Squaw and the Indian. We had many invitations to have staid to smoke, but as it was near sunset, and we had seven miles to ride, they excused.

This adventure of the black mermaids would make a whimsical picture. A woman and child of this tribe were remarked for having brown hair.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

The following extract affords a witty picture of one or two matters connected with the literature of France:

"The Academy is said to be in a complete revolution; an innovating spirit, an active and powerful force is continually impelling the *Rois Suiueans* of our literature. It is absolutely demanded that they should be good for something. The first Tuesday of every month will be henceforth consecrated to a literary sitting, in which the *productive* Members will be charged with the task of amusing the *unproductive* Members, (for we ought to distinguish between the titled Academicians and the Academicians who have titles.) Regulations have already been decreed, which are fatal to the ambition of Messrs. W * * * * and other pretenders to the chair. Oracles are pronounced on the uncertainties of the language. The immovable dictionary is set in motion. And who is this useful disturber? It is the new perpetual Secretary M. Raynouard, who, with the authority of a *Grand Master*, seems to have addressed to each of his colleagues on their lethargic throne, the terrible words of Machbeth, "*thou shalt sleep no more.*"

If these last words, addressed to the Academicians, could be applied to the readers of M. Fievée, they would render us a great service. We intended to speak at some length of his *History of the Session of 1816*, but every time that we have attempted to run over this formidable volume, the obscurity of the work spread before our eyes, and we proceeded mechanically to look for our night-cap; no matter at what time of the day—the hour of sleep was come. We began a page . . . we dreamt the rest; let us be told now that this great volume has produced no effect! All that we remember of our reading is a few words like the following—Formerly; M. de Castelbojac . . . Feudality . . . M. de Bonald . . . M. Piel . . . Procession . . . Tithe . . . It is impossible for us to render a more exact account of this history. Our readers see that they do not lose much by this; and assuredly M. Fievée cannot but gain.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Rome, 27th September.—The excavations undertaken on the site of the ancient Tusculum, afford results calculated to excite curiosity. The workmen are advancing in

the clearing of an edifice, which, from the size of the stones employed in it, as well as from their peculiar arrangement, is judged to be anterior to the architecture of the *Cloaca Maxima*, and contemporary with the monuments of a much more remote period, and which are called *Cyclopean*. It is conjectured, that this singular edifice, in which large reservoirs for water are found, was destined to some public use. There has just been found in the excavations of the Temple of Concord, of the site of which there is no longer any doubt, the fragment of a fourth votive inscription, which shows that an individual had vowed to give five pounds of gold, in honour of the Goddess of Concord. Our ancestors were much in the right to endeavour to render that Goddess propitious.

THE FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

In addition to the many valuable casts lately presented to the Royal Academy by the Prince Regent, His Royal Highness has very graciously used his influence with the Pope to obtain such others from the fine Antiques in the different museums and palaces of Rome, as have been considered desirable specimens for the English school; of these the following have just arrived:—A Groupe from the Villa Ludovise, variously named Pyramus and Thisbe, Poetus and Arrin, Hæmon and Antigone—another Groupe from the same Villa, called Papirius and his Mother, or Theseus and Ethra—and the Barberini Faun:—the latter is well known as one of the finest fragments extant of ancient Sculpture. Several more are shortly expected; which, with their present extensive collection, and the casts they are procuring from the Elgin Marbles, will render the *Antique School* of the Royal Academy superior, perhaps, to any on the Continent. The Regent's munificence in this instance is no less patriotic than princely.

The *Painting School*, besides the Cartoon of the death of Ananias from Hampton-Court, and some valuable pictures from Dulwich Gallery, is enriched this year with several very choice examples from the collections of Lord Grosvenor, Lord Egremont, Lord Ashburnham, Mr. Angerstein, and Mr. Watson Taylor. It is pleasing to see the liberality of the Patron of this Foundation so handsomely seconded by the noble and the wealthy promoters of the Arts.

By a recent Regulation, the *Library* is open for the accommodation of the Architectural Students two evenings in the week; which will afford them no inconsiderable opportunities of acquiring professional information. In this, as in every other department, the Students of

the Royal Academy are now possessed of much greater advantages and more adequate means of education than at any former period; and we trust they will not be slow to evince a correspondent improvement.

Professor Carlisle will begin his course of Anatomical Lectures on Monday the 10th of November.

Having noticed these points, which almost constitute an era in the history of this great National Institution, and bode (we are deeply impressed,) rapid advances in the cultivation of the Fine Arts in England, we may be permitted to advert to the peculiar and favourable circumstances of the present time, all tending to that desirable result. Peace is the natural friend of the Arts and Sciences; but peace has been restored to this country under advantages, in this respect, unexampled at any former period. The productions of the chisel and the easel had assumed a more distinct importance in the war and concluding negotiations, than they had ever done before; Rome and Greece alone affording even the shadow for a comparison. The noblest works of human genius attained their just rank as fit objects for the noblest emulation of the most powerful Princes. A Picture and a Province, a Statue and a State, were weighed in the same balance; and it seemed to be thought that the chief glory of the greatest countries would be, next after establishing a solid and lasting tranquillity, justly to possess the finest specimens of the immortal Arts. The splendid part taken by Great Britain in the contest; her stupendous exertions for Spain, her liberal policy in Italy, her honorable impartiality in France, her generous friendship towards Germany, all contributed to gain her golden opinions. By grasping at nothing, she has gained as much as she could desire. Spain has enriched her with pictures, Italy with its hitherto jealously-preserved treasures, and the spoils collected in Paris, restored by her justice to their lawful owners, have become, in many cases, the fair objects of purchase and acquisition. Happily, too, at this epoch, her sceptre is swayed by a Prince aware of the value of the Fine Arts, himself distinguished for exquisite taste, and knowledge of their excellency, and adding to the munificence worthy of a mighty Sovereign, the skill and judgment of the most accomplished connoisseur. Under such auspices, need we wonder at these proceedings in the Royal Academy, which promise so much for the future British School; at the spirit of our nobles treading in the steps of their Prince;

at the enthusiasm which prevails among our rising artists; and at the extraordinary development of the popular feeling and admiration of those divine labours, in which it has truly been said, that not only the ornament and refinement, but the wealth and prosperity of a Nation consist.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Oct. 25.—On Wednesday last the following gentlemen were admitted to Degrees:—

Rev. John Stonard, M. A. of Brasenose college, and Rector of Aldingham, in the county of Lancaster and Diocese of Chester, was admitted Bachelor and Dr. in Divinity, grand compounder.

Doctors in Medicine.—John Scott, M. A. of Brasenose coll., Bachelor, and licensed to practise in Medicine.—William Montgomery Boyton, M. A. of St. Alban Hall.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—John Pontler, of New College.

Masters of Arts.—Mr. James Yonge, of Exeter coll.; Rev. Edward Robert Butcher, of University coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—Tho. Stephen Hodges, Esq. of University coll., grand compounder; David Howell, Esq. of Christ Church, grand compounder; Mr. Stephen Reay, of St. Alban Hall; Mr. Matthew Mundy, of Exeter coll.; Mr. James Bullock, of Worcester coll.; Mr. Arthur Johnson, of Wadham coll.; Henry Biddulph, Esq. of Magdalen coll.

CAMBRIDGE, Friday, Oct. 24.—Lord John Thynne, son of the Marquess of Bath, and the Hon. Edward George Moore, son of the Earl of Mount Cashell, are admitted of St. John's college.

The Hon. George Spencer, son of Earl Spencer, and the Hon. Mr. Fielding, brother to the Earl of Denbigh, are admitted of Trinity college.

The admissions at St. John's college this year are exactly 100, being a greater number than in any former year. The admissions at most of the colleges are also more numerous than ever remembered.

In the list of the Caput, inserted last week, for Rev. John Kaye, D. D. Christ coll. read Rev. Francis Barnes, D. D. St. Peter's coll. *Divinity.*

JOURNAL DES SAVANS.

Referring to the intention which we announced in our 33th No. of analysing the most interesting contents of the Journal des Savans, we now proceed to execute our purpose.

Our readers will observe, that in the September No. no less than three of the seven articles which it contains, are reviews of works proceeding from the British press; and we embrace with peculiar satisfaction this opportunity of bearing testimony to the attention shown to English literature, and the candour displayed in the review of Eng-

lish works, by the eminent literati chosen by his Majesty the King of France, to compose the Journal des Savans.

Mr. Well's Essay on Dew, which has, it seems, been translated into French by a Mr. A. I. Tordeux, is analysed at great length by Mr. Dalony, who speaks in high terms of the rare sagacity with which the ingenious author has succeeded in unveiling the real causes of the phenomenon of dew, and in deducing from one principle the explanation of several curious facts which have been either forgotten or misunderstood.

J. Shakespeare's Dictionary, Hindoustany and English.—“The study and comparison of languages with each other, have long been considered as among the surest means of throwing light on the history and origin of nations. Let us suppose that we were wholly deprived of historical documents, yet if we remarked a striking analogy between different languages, even though spoken by people remote, and separated from each other, we should be forced to confess either that these people had a common origin, or that they must have had long and intimate communications. In this point of view there is no language in the world more interesting than the Sanscrit; its relations with the Greek and the Latin being as extraordinary as incontestable.—However, besides this learned language, the different idioms of India, which are very numerous, offer an inexhaustible field to the labours of philologists. Mr. Shakespeare has taken for the basis of his work the Hindoustany Dictionary of Captain Taylor, revised, enlarged, and published at Calcutta, by Dr. Wm. Hunter, in 2 volumes, large 4to. Mr. S. states, that though he has added some thousand Hindoustany words to the magnificent work of Taylor and Hunter, he has been able, by omitting numerous quotations which he thinks of no use to beginners, and by employing a smaller type, &c. to reduce his edition to about half the size, and half the price of the preceding. M. Chezy, though he much approves the economy in the printing, regrets the omission of the numerous quotations from the best poets who have written in the various dialects of the Hindy. The author has taken particular care to point out the different languages from which each of the words in his dictionary is derived, by prefixing the initial capital of the name of the language from which they are supposed to be taken. Thus H before a word, signifies that this word is originally Hindy; S. Sanscrit; P. A. T. G. &c. that it comes from the Persian, Arabic, Turkish, Greek, &c.; and what greatly enhances the value of this work is, that every Hindoustany word taken from a foreign language, is followed by this same word, most frequently brought back to a primitive radical, and printed in the peculiar character of the idiom to which it belongs. The utility of this is particularly observable in the etymological part relative to the Sanscrit, and we cannot sufficiently admire the sagacity with which the author, or rather the authors, have restored to their Sanscrit roots certain words which are strangely disfigured in the Hindoustany language.

In so considerable a task, which goes into such minute detail, it would be almost impossible that some faults should not escape the author, either through inadvertency or fatigue, if we may call faults what is, properly speaking, only a small want of perfection. “We believe we have discovered a small number of such,” says M. Chezy, “and we take the liberty of pointing out to him the following.” Having given a few, M. C. proceeds to point out some of the very interesting articles relative, as well to the manners and customs of the Indians, as to their mythology, their belief, their fets, &c. with which the dictionary abounds, and which render it a highly interesting work.—“These quotations,” he continues, “taken at random, will give, we hope, a sufficiently advantageous idea of Mr. Shakespeare's work, which, in truth, one cannot sufficiently commend; it is besides admirably executed in the mechanical part; the Persian character is very beautiful, and when we say that the Diva-nagari character is the same that was engraved by Mr. Wilkins, and which he employed in his excellent Sanscrit grammar, we need not add any thing in its praise.”

“Some persons, (says Mr. C.) may perhaps think that the Hindoustany did not deserve to have such a work undertaken to facilitate the study of it, it being generally considered as a jargon useful only in commercial transactions, and of no value to literature; this is an error, and if any one entertains such an opinion, it is for want of being acquainted with the important labours of the learned and indefatigable Gilchrist upon this language, and the mass of literary treasures which this celebrated orientalist has collected in this branch.—M. Chezy observes, that he was already acquainted with most of these works collected by Mr. Gilchrist, by means of catalogues sent him from England; but having lately conversed with Mr. G. C. Haughton, Professor of Hindoustany at Hertford college, he has obtained from that learned orientalist more particular information respecting this branch of Asiatic literature, and adds a list of the principal works in the Hindoustany language, both original and translated, which have been printed by the order and at the expence of the college of Fort William. This list, says he, will show that Hindoustany literature is not to be disdained. Besides, this language may soon be learned, by those particularly who have a slight knowledge of Arabic, Persian, or some dialect of India. Nor is it only to those who desire to make it their particular study, that Mr. Shakespeare's dictionary will be eminently useful; on account of the great number of Sanscrit words which it contains, and the extreme scarcity of the Amarauchha, the only glossary of the Sanscrit hitherto printed; it will also greatly facilitate the study of that beautiful language, till the appearance of the long desired dictionary of Wilson. We have therefore no doubt, but that on both accounts, the Hindoustany dictionary of Mr. Shakespeare will be eagerly sought after by all lovers of Asiatic literature.

The review of Lilawati, in a treatise on Arithmetic and Geometry, by Bhascara

Should we be able to afford room, we propose to give, from time to time, some brief account of the preceding numbers of this Journal, since its recommencement in September 1816.

1816.

Acharia, translated from the original Sanscrit, by Mr. John Taylor, is very detailed, and shows the opinion of the critic (M. Delambre) on the importance of the work; but we do not think that an extract from it would be generally interesting to our readers.—M. Delambre mentions the account given in the appendix, of the manner of teaching arithmetic in the Indian schools. The most advanced pupils instruct those below them, and the order observed in these schools has, he thinks, furnished the idea of the modern schools, established in England and other parts of Europe.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

IMPROMPTU

On the Duke of Gloucester's visit to Plymouth, and his descent in the *Diving Machine*.

Why should we Royal Gloucester's tour unfold?
What levees, routs, what may'rs and marces?
It may, with truth, in one short line be told—
He Plymouth saw, and *Divers* places. E. C.

Sir, If Pulci should not this week favor you
with any of his highly poetical strains, perhaps
you would have room to insert, in your interesting
paper, the first and feeble chirpings of
J. C. T.

1
The sparks that shoot from Beauty's eyes
Kindle a flame within my breast,—
A flame, as bright as that which dyes
The clouds, that swim along the West.

2
'Tis not the flame the lightning flings
In livid gleams across the skies,
Which just has time to flash its wings,
Then, in its natal moment, dies.

3
'Tis not the sun's meridian blaze,
That dries the mournful night's pearl tears;
Scorch'd by whose hot and glaring rays,
Fair nature's face a languor wears.

4
O not this flame is clear and bright,
(And now I feel it in me burn)
More like the pure and steady light
That flows from Cynthia's silver urn.

5
The spark was struck by Beauty's eyes,
'Twas fann'd to flame by Beauty's breath;
Cherish'd by Beauty's love, 'twill rise
And higher burn, till quench'd by death.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A RUSSIAN ANECDOTE.

At St. Petersburg, there are every winter during Lent several masquerades, there called *Ridottos*, which are always numerously attended; but differ so far from ours, that there is no dancing. The company stroll in their disguise through the crowd in the saloon, see, hear, and talk. They then go to the adjoining apartments, and call for what refreshments they please. Each party takes a table for itself, and generally one of the company treats the others, and pays for those who accompany him.

It once happened, that there was a party of seven persons, in one of these rooms, who ordered a supper and wine at ten silver roubles per head. One of the company, as usual, gave the orders to the waiter. The party were very merry, and seemed to enjoy the supper.

When the dishes and bottles were empty, the guests one after another rose from table, and went into the saloon. There were already five gone; and two still remained sitting, apparently in earnest conversation. Will not the people soon pay? thought the landlord; and ordered the waiter to have a watchful eye on the last, that he might not slip away. But now the sixth also went, and disappeared in the saloon. The seventh remained, but seemed to be asleep. This is the paymaster! said the waiter, and kept his eye constantly upon him. The man still seemed to sleep. After many hours had elapsed, and the rooms and saloon began to become deserted and empty, the waiter went to the guest to awake him; but who can describe his affright, when he found the sitting person a man of straw!

The next day, however, the amount of the bill was sent, the whole having been meant only as a joke upon the landlord.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DAVID HUME.

Mr. Hume's account of Rousseau in England continues to possess so much interest, that we trust we shall not tire our readers with a few further extracts on that subject. Even the partiality of a friend paints the wayward Jean Jacques as insincere, petulant, and troublesome. The last letter is remarkable for its style and matter, so unlike any thing we ever saw before from the pen of Hume.

I have as yet scarce seen any body except Mr. Conway and Lady Alesbury: Both of them told me they would visit Jean Jacques if I thought their Company would not be disagreeable. I encouraged them to shew him that mark of Distinction. Here I must also tell you of a good action, which I did, not but that it is better to conceal our good actions; But I consider not my seeking your approbation as an effect of vanity; Your suffrage is to me something like the satisfaction of my own Conscience. While we were at Calais, I asked him whether, in case the King of England thought proper to gratify him with a pension, he would accept of it.

I told him that the case was widely different from that of the King of Prussia; and I endeavoured to point out to him the Difference, particularly in this circumstance, that a Gratuity from the King of England could never in the least endanger his independence. He reply'd; But would it not be using ill the King of Prussia, to whom I have since been much obliged. However on this head, added he, in case the offer be made me I shall consult my Father, meaning Lord Mareschal. I told this story to General Conway, who seemed to embrace with Zeal the notion of giving him a pension, as Honourable both to the King and Nation. I shall suggest the same idea to other men in despair of succeeding.

P. S. Since I wrote the above, I have received your obliging letter directed to Calais. Mr. Rousseau says, the Letter of the King of Prussia is a forgery, and he suspects it to come from M. de Voltaire.

I have the satisfaction to tell you, that the Project, which I had formed for our Friend's Service, has succeeded. You remember the conversation between him and me at Calais, of which I gave you an account. I found means to have that conversation related to the King, by a Friend of mine, who possesses much of his confidence. He was pleased with it; promised our Philosopher a Pension without naming the sum; and there now wants only Lord Mareschal's Consent to his accepting it. We have wrote to Berlin for that purpose; and I entertain no doubt of our obtaining it. You know that our Sovereign is extremely prudent and decent, and careful not to give offence: For which reason it is wished, that this act of Generosity may be entire Secret. As I am sensible it would give you great Pleasure, and as I am well acquainted with your Secrecy and Discretion, I would not conceal it from you; allowing you to inform the Prince of Conti alone, who, I know, will take part in this Success. I pretend also, that you are to like me a little better, on account of the share I have had in it.

I suppose, that by this time you have learned it was Horace Walpole who wrote the Prussian Letter you mentioned to me. It is a strange inclination we have to be wits, preferably to every thing else. He is a very worthy man; He esteems and even admires Rousseau; Yet he could not forbear, for the sake of a very indifferent Joke, the turning him into Ridicule, and saying harsh things against him. I am a little angry with him; and I hear you are a great deal, But the matter ought to be treated only as a piece of Levity.

The Method of living is not near so agreeable in London as in Paris. The best Company are usually, and more so at present, in a Flame of Politics; the men of Letters are few, and not very sociable: The women are not in general very conversable; Many a sigh escapes me for your sweet and amiable conversation; I paint you to myself all serenity; and cannot believe, that ever I had the misfortune to displease you. I often steal an Hours Chat with you. *Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori.* As often as I see Lady Hervey or Lady Tavistock or the Holerness Family, I have the satisfaction of hearing your name mentioned which is some consolation in this Land of Banishment; adieu my amiable Friend.

London 12 January 1766.

P. S. Since I wrote the above, I have seen General Conway, who tells me that the King has spoke to him on the same subject, and that the sum intended is a hundred pounds a year; a Mighty Accession to our Friends slender Revenue.—

A Letter has also come to me open from Guy the Bookseller, by which I learn, the Mademoiselle sets out post, in company with a friend of mine; a young Gentleman very good humoured, very agreeable and very mad. He visited Rousseau in his Mountains, who gave him a Recommendation to Paoli, the King of Corsica; where this Gentleman, whose name is Boswell, went last summer in search of adventures. He has such a rage for Literature, that I dread some event fatal to our Friend's Honour. You re-

member the story of Terentia, who was first married to Cicero, then to Sallust, and at last in her old age married a young nobleman, who imagined, that she must possess some secret, which would convey to him eloquence and Genius.

It is impossible for me dear Madam, to express the difficulty, which I have to bear your absence, and the continual want which I feel of your society. I had accustomed myself of a long time to think of you as a friend from whom I was never to be separated, during any considerable time, and I had flattered myself that we were particularly fitted to pass our Lives in intimacy and Cordiality, with each other. Age and a natural equability of Temper, were in danger of reducing my Heart to too great indifference about every thing: It was enlivened by the charms of your conversation and the vivacity of your character. Your mind more agitated both by unhappy circumstances in your situation and by your natural disposition could repose itself in the more calm sympathy which you found with me: But behold three months are elapsed since I left you; and it is impossible for me to assign a time when I can hope to join you. Lord Hertford has wrote me, that he expects to quit Ireland in a few weeks, and that he hopes to find me in London. I know that he proposed to be in France this Summer, and he may probably desire me to delay my Journey, that we may go together. I still return to my wish, that I had never left Paris, and that I had kept out of the reach of all other Duties, except that which was so sweet and agreeable to fulfil, the cultivating your Friendship, and enjoying your Society. Your obliging expressions revive this Regret in the strongest degree; especially when you mention the wounds, which tho skinned over still fester at the bottom.

Oh! my dear Friend, how I dread that it may still be long ere you reach a state of tranquility, in a Distress which so little admits of any remedy and which the natural Elevation of your character instead of putting you above it; makes you feel with greater sensibility. I could only wish to administer the temporary Consolation, which the Presence of a Friend never fails to afford.

The chief Circumstance which hinders me from repenting of my journey is the use I have been to Poor Rousseau, the most singular and often the most amiable man in the world.

I have now settled him in a manner entirely to my satisfaction and to his own. There is one Mr. Davenport, a worthy man, a man of Letters & Sense and Humanity, and of an ample Fortune, about 6 or 7000 Pounds a Year, an elderly man and a Widower. Among several Country Seats which belong to him, he has one in the County of Derby, situated amid rocks and mountains and Rivalets and Forests, and surrounded with the most beautiful savage country in England. As he seldom lives there, he proposed to me to give an apartment to our Friend, and he has there a Gardiner and other servants, for whom he must keep a table, he told me that he could easily supply him with his Diet, and all other conveniences. I accepted of the offer provided

that he would take 30 pounds a year of board for M. Rousseau and Madlle. le Vasseur. He laughed very heartily, but had the good nature to agree to my proposal. It is a fortnight since poor Rousseau left me, and here is a paragraph of a Letter he writes to me. "Vous voyez deja, mon cher patron, par la date de ma lettre, que je suis arrivé au lieu de ma destination. Mais vous ne pouvez tous les charmes que J'y trouve il faudroit connoître le lieu et lire dans mon cœur. Vous y devez lire au moins les sentimens qui vous regardent et que vous avez si bien mérité. Si Je vis dans cet agreeable ail aussi heureux que Je l'espere, une des douceurs de ma vie sera de penser que Je vous les dois. Faire c'est mériter de l'être. Puissiez vous trouver en vous meme, le prix De tout ce que vous faites pour moi."

I must confess however, that I have not the Consolation to think he will long be happy there. Never was man, who so well deserves Happiness, so little calculated by Nature to attain it. The extreme sensibility of his Character is one great Cause, but still more, the frequent and violent fits of Spleen and Discontent and Impatience, to which, either from the constitution of his mind or Body, he is so subject. These disqualify him for society, and are the chief Reason why he so much affects solitude. When his health and good humour returns, his lively Imagination gives him so much entertainment, that Company by disturbing his musing and Meditation, is rather troublesome to him; so that in either case, he is not framed for Society. He is commonly however the best company in the world, when he will submit to live with men. Every one who saw him here, admires the simplicity of his manners, his natural unaffected Politeness, the Gaiety and Finesse of his Conversation.

For my part, I never saw a man, and very few women, of a more agreeable commerce.

I shall tell you a very singular story of him which proves his extreme sensibility and good heart.

Mr. Davenport had thought of a Contrivance to save him part of the expenses of his journey. He hired a chaise, which would only cost a Trifle. He succeeded at first; but Mr. Rousseau, the evening before his departure began to entertain suspicions from some Circumstances which had escaped Mr. Davenport's attention. He complained to me grievously of the Trick, and said, that, tho' he was poor, he chose rather to conform himself to his Circumstances, than live like a Beggar upon Alms; and such pretended favours were real injuries. I replied, that I was ignorant of the matter, but should inform myself of Mr. Davenport. No, cryd he, No if this be a contrivance you are not ignorant of it; It has not been executed without your connivance and Consent; but nothing could possibly be more disagreeable to me. Upon which he sat down in a very sullen humour; and all attempts, which I could make, to revive the Conversation and turn it on other subjects were in vain.

After near an hour, he rose up, and walked a little about the Room. Judge of my surprize when all of a sudden, he sat down upon my knees, and threw his arms about my neck, kissed me with the greatest ar-

dour, and bedewed all my face with his tears. Ah, my dear friend, exclaimed he, is it possible you can ever forgive my folly? This ill humour is the return I make you for all the instances of your kindness towards me. But notwithstanding all my Faults and Follies, I have a heart worthy of your Friendship, because it knows both to love and esteem you. I hope, dear Madam, that you have not so bad an opinion of me as not to think I was extremely affected with this scene. I confess that my Tears flowed as plentifully as his: and that I embraced him with no less cordiality.

Please to tell this Story to Mde la Mareschale de Luxembourg, to whom I desire that my sincere respects be presented. I also allow you to tell it to Mde de Barbantane, and to such of her Female Friends as you think worthy of it. I scarce know a male who would not think it Childish. Ask Mde L'Espinasse whether she can venture to tell it to D'Alembert. I own that I am ashamed to mention that Ladys name as I have not yet answered the letter, with which she honoured me. What do you think also of my Ingratitude when I tell you that I have not yet wrote to Mde Geoffrin. I thank God, however, that I have not the Impudence to desire you to make my Apology, when I know that no apology can possibly be made. I am at a loss in what terms to express my acknowledgements to the Prince of Conti. Nothing can be more honourable as well as agreeable to me than the offer which he is pleased to make me. I leave you to judge what addition the pleasure of living in your Company must make to all other inviting Circumstances that attend it. But there is only one Particular which we must weigh together, when we meet.

When I return to Paris, it will be necessary for me to lay a plan of life more conformable to my Character and usual Habits: I must also resolve to pass a great part of my time among my Books and in retreat. How far will such a plan be consistent with the situation projected. I forget to tell you that Lord Mareschal has given an answer such as I expected, but General Conway has been ill so that we have not yet obtained the warrant for the Pension; though there is no doubt to be entertained of it. I must add that Davenport told me he intended to leave our friend by will the life rent of the House in which he lives if he finds that his attachment to it continues. You see then that in point of circumstances, he is not to be pitied, for I have also discovered that he has some little resources beyond what he mentioned to the president Malesherbes and to me.

It is one of his weaknesses, that he likes to complain, the truth is, he is unhappy, and he is better pleased to throw the reason on his health and circumstances and misfortunes, than on his melancholy humour and disposition.

Please to make my Compliments to Miss Becket; Lord Tavistock was so good as to execute her commission.

I kiss your hands, with all the devotion possible.

Liste St. Leicester Fields.
3rd April, 1766.

ON THE RAGE FOR NOVELTY.

"O Happiness! our being's end and aim!"
POPE.

There is no passion more strongly implanted in human nature, none that more impels the actions of men, than that felt for the pleasures of novelty—especially in those who resign themselves without restraint to their blandishment, when they contribute to the gratification of other propensities. How far a man is delicate and refined in the choice of these pleasures must depend on the imagination and sensibility. Those possessing that faculty naturally refined, and whose understanding has been trained to enjoy its illusions without suffering from their sudden disappearance, will choose those scenes most congenial to their delicate feelings; whilst others with callous sensibility have no inclination for changes or pleasures that are not gross or criminal. As repetition serves but to produce satiety and stupor, there must be something extravagant or terrible, or which agitates by horror and violence to rouse their senses to enjoy. "Unhappily, in all," says a celebrated writer, "the human mind is most partial to what is least worthy of it."

If we examine the degree of eagerness with which the passion for novelty manifests itself in different individuals, we find it bears the strongest feature in those possessing lively animal spirits, whose disposition has not been soured by deep or early disappointments. There are, however, some spirits so gay and volatile, and having so much innate hate towards every disagreeable object, that they look upon misfortune with placid indifference, and forego with passive fortitude every privation under the flattering hopes of future happiness.

To calculate merely upon the joy of the present or on the hopes of distant pleasures, is a striking trait in those whose taste has not been disciplined to the higher enjoyments of the mind; a fleeting agitation is all they experience from every pleasure; to be dazzled and surprised is all they want; they neither contemplate from what they feel nor reflect from what they suffer. The victims of continual and excessive self-enjoyment, they are alternately absorbed in apathy, in absence of variety; dejected after gratification, and elated with distant prospects.

In petty and remote country-towns and solitary villages, with but one dull round of society, and the same unvaried manners, where the disposition for novelty and amusements is seldom gratified from want of opportunities, disadvantages increase desire, and they pant with avidity for every vicissitude. They are transported at the thoughts of a ball or a card table. Though torn by low intrigue and scandal, the bare hopes of such amusements check for the moment all rivalry; the most gracious smiles are assumed, and jealousy stifled, until it can be digested in the gossip of dependent confidants. Here is the dryness of forced *naïveté* and studied conversation; formality is substituted for ease and politeness; they are nice without delicacy, more attentive than engaging, more annoying than agreeable. The greatest pleasure they feel springs from their vanity, in the thought of

the impressions their seeming importance makes on the minds of vulgar inferiors. Egotism supplies the place of all defects, and supports under any mortification.

Any thing extraordinary overcomes in the first moment of surprise and astonishment; there the most trivial incidents and unimportant occurrences are greedily enjoyed. They hurry with ecstasy to any casual diversion or spectacle; their curiosity is instantly excited and drives them to the window when any noise disturbs the tranquillity of their street. They gaze, envy and regret at any pleasure they do not participate, and divest themselves in a great measure of the burthen on the spirits which the passions create, by pointing out improprieties and indulging in sarcasm and rebuke. To support a heavy uniformity, they are patient and indefatigably vigilant in acting the spy on the uninteresting inanity of each other's lives, and chronicle the most indifferent circumstance that affords the least food for conversation.

All the ambition of the men is to copy the manners and foibles of the first man in the village; common qualities and common virtues in him are admirable, and shelter him from the odium of his meaner vices; these are called *weaknesses* easily excused. Every feature, every extreme in his character, are held up as so many perfections: volubility is considered as arising from the fertility and promptitude of genius, prudence as the result of foresight and penetration, timidity is caution, and if he has courage it covers all deficiencies, and gives additional lustre to other qualifications. His influence is greater because he is acquainted with every one's private affairs, is aware of every person's weak side, and knows all situations, all parties, so as to direct his revenge or to injure any object of displeasure. He is strong because his interest is confined within a small focus, is feared because he seldom strikes any but those that have it not in their power to resist or retaliate, and is on the most perfect understanding, and careful to court the influence of the affluent; and is beloved for his favors and partiality. Parade and ostentation, vanity and folly, yield him ineffable felicity, his whole life is planned to produce an effect upon ignorant admirers. Like *Cæsar* he would rather be the first in a village than the second in Rome.

"His ruling passion is the lust of praise."

All he wishes is to reap the incense of flattery, and to sustain his ideal superiority; his head is wholly occupied with the chimeras; he never dreams but that in degrading and exacting the servility of others, he exalts himself. In short, a man with great property, superficial qualities, vain and susceptible of flattery, in a small village is an absolute sovereign. Every thing, with policy, seems to obey his sway, especially when he is careful to hide his inabilities from the vulgar eye.

His lady is the admiration of the females; her looks and gestures are minutely observed, her carriage is aped, the dresses she receives from town are the object of close but respectful scrutiny, the theme of praise and the model of prevailing fashions; improvements or alterations are rapidly made,

all consequence and dignity would be lost unless they instantly

"Change a founce, or add a furbelow,"

to conform with the *mode*. Their reception would be ungracious, and visits discontinued. They would become the victims of chagrin and despair; ridicule and sneers would be their certain and insufferable fate. Times are changed since the days of *Addison*; the intercourse with the metropolis is more direct; they no longer degrade themselves by adopting the fashions of the preceding year; they *immediately* change the form if they do not change the dress.

It is, however, pleasing to perceive that education and more enlightened habits are gradually introduced, and advancing, in spite of prejudices, into every corner. General expression of contempt will be the means of restraining extravagant whims; meanness will be condemned in spite of power; obeisance and respect will not be borne by mere effect; reflection will examine before it declares assent.

By cultivating the mind in habituating it to contemplate and exercise its talent, it will be found to receive agreeable ideas from new and foreign impressions; while the imagination is charmed the mind is convinced. It will not be deceived by the phantasms of fiction; when the scene vanishes the mind examines and improves, the imagination gently roves in delightful excursions, brightens its views, is preserved from listlessness, and by dispelling morbid obstructions circulates the animal spirits in pleasing and agreeable motions. In the pursuits of mental acquirements the mind is not only dilated and made sensibly alive to every thing that is new and entertaining, but it will be a resource against the languor of seclusion, to which every one, however situated, is in some measure liable; elevate and expand the force of genius, implant in it a relish for abstracted self-enjoyment, strengthen under the pressure of affliction, and if it cannot draw the barb will in time heal the wounds of sudden calamities, without diminishing the remains of sensibility. This exercise will also improve the taste, so as to acquire accurate and refined perceptions, to distinguish beauties, and to detect incongruities. The free indulgence of a passion for a succession of pursuits, will by being deprived of its accustomed gratification, accumulate desire, and overcome with regret and despair.

We are the more inclined to pursue frivolous enjoyments because they require no effort of the mind, and the imagination ranges without being checked or interrupted by the tedium of reflection; they are the more alluring by the curiosity raised and the surprise impressed upon the passions, unaccompanied by that satiety we feel in the contemplation of familiar and ordinary objects. Familiarity makes every object appear dull and uninviting, weakens the force of attraction, palls the appetite, and cloy every sense. "At her bidding, beauty fades in the eye of love; and the son of pity smiles at sorrow's bleeding wounds." The sympathetic chord so finely expressed by *Sterne* no longer vibrates to the heart. Were it not for this unconcern, a *rage* for novelty

would not perhaps exist. But as there are no pleasures too sanguinely followed without their alloy, strong and new excitements produce a depression of the spirits, relax the capability of enjoyment, exhaust the energy and contract the elasticity of the soul, sink it under gloom and dejection; till at length, habituated to a round of pleasures, the emotions they create become weak and languid, and a certain share of insipidity is felt in the midst of every amusement. To prevent this dejection, *Dr. Armstrong* in his *Art of Preserving Health*, recommends to,

"Let nature rest

Rather than tease her sated appetite.

— and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety."
(*The Conclusion in our next.*)

HE REAL CAUSE OF THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

Professor Pictet of Geneva, editor of the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, paid a visit in the month of July, 1817, on board an American corvette, lying in the harbour of Genoa; the owner of which, Mr. Crowninshield, is on a voyage of pleasure, and had already visited several ports of the Mediterranean. His vessel appeared on the outside to be a master-piece of naval architecture, and the interior arrangement and furniture was so convenient and elegant, that during its stay in the harbour it was constantly full of curious and admiring visitors.

A sensible negro acts on board the vessel in the double capacity of cook and of calculator of all the nautical observations, necessary for determining the latitudes and longitudes. This negro has lived two years in one of the Sandwich Islands, where Captain Cook was killed. The tradition of that event is preserved in this island (*Owhyhee*); and according to him the following is the account given.

Captain Cook, who was in want of wood, as well as water, had perceived near the shore an old hut, which appeared to him to be neglected and gone to decay; and the wood of which he thought to be drier than that of newly felled trees: he therefore gave orders to pull down the hut, without having first consulted the natives. Neither he nor his people, doubtless, knew (and after the turn the affair took none of them could learn) that the place was *tabooed*.—The islanders did not hesitate a moment to prevent, by a desperate attack, an act which they considered as an impropriety; they killed some of the workmen, and put the others to flight. Probably those who escaped did not know the real cause of the attack which was so fatal to a part of the crew.

The Negro cook appeared much affected by the recollection of his abode in *Owhyhee*, and ardently desires to return thither. He described this island as the happiest country in the world; and his account of the moral, mild, and hospitable character of the inhabitants, forms a striking contrast to the opinion that has been formed of them, on account of that unexpected, and as it was

See our recent review of the *Voyage to New Zealand*, for an account of *tabooing* in that country, which affords great countenance to this story.

supposed, unprovoked attack. He had learned to speak the language of the country with tolerable fluency, and some words which he pronounced appeared to be at least as soft in their tone, as those of most of the European languages.

He was questioned respecting the cooking of the islanders, and particularly their manner of roasting hogs upon hot stones. His answers were very intelligible and clear; and he often enhanced by various gestures the clearness of his descriptions. He bestowed great praise on the talents and the character of the king of the island. He is already possessed of a navy, and has sent ships to China. He has also a body guard, armed with muskets and lances, which they manage with dexterity. He employs himself with great ardor in the civilization of his people. The succession to the throne is hereditary, and the king has three wives.

HORTICULTURE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR—I observe with pleasure that in a late No. of your publication, you have given a short notice of a survey of the Gardens in the Netherlands, by the horticultural society of Edinburgh. Perhaps it might gratify some of your readers, to have a more full account of it. I therefore send you a printed copy of a report concerning it.

I am your most obedient servant,

ANDREW DUNCAN,

Sen. Physician, Edinburgh, Secretary P. A. to the Caledonian Horticultural Society.

Extracts from the Report to the Caledonian Horticultural Society, respecting the intended Survey of the present state of Horticulture in Holland, Flanders, and the north of France.

Your council have the satisfaction of being able to inform you, that the horticultural survey of the Netherlands, which was recommended to the society two years ago, by Sir John Sinclair, is now carrying into execution. The three gentlemen who have undertaken this duty, viz. Mr. Patrick Neil, secretary to the society; Mr. James McDonald, who has been for many years gardener to his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh; and Mr. John Haye, are particularly described with due eulogies upon their horticultural acquirements.—The report proceeds:—From three such intelligent and discerning surveyors, your council cannot help entertaining very sanguine expectations. It is indeed true, that of late horticulture, as well as Agriculture, has made a more rapid progress in Scotland than perhaps in any other nation in Europe. But, for the commencement of our knowledge in gardening, we were much indebted to our continental neighbours, and particularly to the Dutch. Not many centuries have elapsed, since from them we derived not only our best seeds, roots, and fruits, but even some of our most common esculent vegetables. History informs us, that in the days of Malcolm Canmore, who reigned in Scotland about the end of the eleventh century, even the common garden lettuce, which then appeared only as a rare dainty on the royal table, was entirely imported from Holland, and was not at that time cultivated in Scotland.

Since that period, indeed, such has been the progress of horticulture in Scotland, that we can now produce from gardens in the environs of Edinburgh, a desert of fruits, which, for variety of kind and delicacy of flavour, cannot be excelled, and, perhaps, hardly equalled, on the face of the globe. This, your annual festival of Pomona has repeatedly demonstrated.

Great, however, as our progress has been, much yet remains to be discovered, for in arts and sciences human invention has no bounds; and by the intelligent and discerning philosopher, useful discoveries have often been derived from observing the procedure even of the most ignorant labourer.

Your council need not therefore state to you the expectations which they entertain from the present horticultural survey of the Netherlands. The abilities of the men, whom they have induced to undertake this survey, are not unequal to the task; and the kingdom of Scotland does not, perhaps, at present, contain three men better qualified for such an undertaking. We confidently trust, that no horticultural knowledge worth importing, from improved varieties of the most common culinary vegetables, to plans of orchards, gardens, and conservatories, on the most extended scale, will escape their discernment. We are not, therefore, without hopes, that this survey will do honour to our society, and be materially beneficial to Scotland. Nay, we even flatter ourselves with the expectation, that by the publication of future volumes of the memoirs of our society, the benefits resulting from it may in some degree be extended to every corner of the civilized world.

Respecting the progress made by our surveyors, we can only at present inform the society, that they were safely landed at Ostend soon after leaving Edinburgh; and, we trust, that at our next quarterly meeting, they will be present in this room, to give you a report of the success with which their survey has been attended.

BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAITS.

JAMES GRANT (RAYMOND).

All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players; yet among all the classes of which this mighty scene is composed, there is not one which obtains greater notice than that class whose occupation it is to imitate, on a limited scale, the passions, the actions, and the events of the real drama. They are ever before the public, and may be said to live in a house of glass. They are lifted out of the sphere of their fortunes, and placed in a rank of dangerous celebrity. Every thing about them tends to shake their best resolves, to seduce them into dangerous pleasures, to give them appetites beyond their means of enjoyment, to excite the strongest feelings, mingling those of the imagination with those of their actual intercourse with mankind; their pursuits and studies are calculated to unsettle the strongest minds, and all the blandishments of

society court them into that vortex where man whirls round and round with the current, far removed from any bank of rest or shelter, should that moment ever arrive, when the shattered frame demands repose, or the sinking wreck a protecting haven.

When a player resists these temptations, and steadily perseveres in a course distinguished by soundness of principle and rectitude of conduct, he is pre-eminently entitled to respect. It requires greater firmness in him than in another man, to overcome the evils which more numerous and constantly beset his path through life, and the greater is the honour due to his victorious struggle. Such feelings, without being analysed by the majority of those who entertained them, no doubt induced the unanimous esteem in which the subject of this memoir was held by all who knew him. The dead have few flatterers; and in the whole of our intercourse with persons of every rank in the metropolis, we have heard but one opinion on this point, added to the expression of regret for his loss, namely, that a more worthy and deserving individual did not grace the histrionic profession.

JAMES GRANT RAYMOND, or rather JAMES GRANT, as Raymond appears to be a stage name, was born on the 29th March, 1771, in Strathpey, in the Highlands of Scotland, within a short distance from Culloden Moor, well known as the scene of the decisive battle between the partisans of the House of Stuart and the English forces under the Duke of Cumberland. His father claiming to be a descendant of Ludovick Grant, an ancient Highland Chieftain (and the head of one of the oldest and most powerful clans in that part of Scotland), was an officer in the army, and lost his life near Charlestown, in South Carolina, during the latter part of the American war. The widow being left with five children, the eldest of whom, James, had not attained his ninth year, removed with her young family from their small paternal residence in the Highlands, to the village of Inverkeithen, in the County of Banff, where James was placed at a classical seminary, and intended for the clerical profession, not as a minister of the Kirk of Scotland, but of what in that country is called the Chapel, an episcopal establishment, differing very little in doctrine and ceremonies from the Church of England.

At a proper age he was sent to King's College, in the University of Aberdeen; but it was probably from possessing a levity of disposition, which did not well accord with a system of theological study and discipline, and not having the authority of a father to controul him, that his stay there was short; for, after passing a single winter of study, and in that period gaining a *bursar*, (as the college prizes are called) he took leave of both college and school with this solitary mark of triumph, and would never afterwards return

to either. Shortly after this, he went to sea in the capacity of a midshipman; but the versatile character of his mind soon led him to relinquish the profession of a seaman. He had, however, resolution to perform a voyage to the East Indies, but was then too young to estimate justly the value of such a prospect as presented itself to him for the acquisition of independence. In his passage home he contracted an intimate friendship with a gentleman who had realized a handsome fortune during a residence of twenty-five years in the East; by whose invitation he visited Ireland, where he enjoyed the attention and friendship of his new acquaintance during the remainder of that gentleman's life. Among the persons of learning and worth to whom Mr. Raymond was introduced in that country, was the late Edward Tighe, Esq. the school-fellow of Garrick, a gentleman of confessedly correct judgment as a critic, particularly in the line of the Drama, and who was admitted to be the best reader of plays of his time. To this introduction are the public principally indebted for whatever theatrical merit he afterwards evinced, for had Mr. Raymond not heard the tragedy of *Oroonoko* read by this gentleman, it is probable that he would never have thought of the stage as a profession; but the distresses of the sable prince were so pathetically delivered by Mr. Tighe, that they took immediate possession of Raymond's youthful mind, and from that moment he abandoned the idea of any other pursuit. In the course of a few weeks he appeared on the Dublin stage, under the auspices and instruction of his accomplished friend. During his performance, an unlucky incident occurred in the most interesting part of the last act; the misery in which he saw his adored Imoinda fixed itself with such strength in his tortured mind, that, in a frenzy of love and despair, he applied his burnished cheek so closely to that of his unhappy princess, as to leave half of his sooty complexion on her fair face. This awkward circumstance convulsed the house with laughter, and it was some minutes before they could be restored to their proper tone of feeling, notwithstanding the solicitude which the embarrassment of the late Mrs. Pope (the heroine) excited in her favour. The play finished so much to the satisfaction of young Raymond, that he repeated the character several times.

After this successful essay of his theatrical powers, he assumed several of the first characters in tragedy, and became a great favourite with the public, and in process of time was deputed the acting manager.

About the year 1799, Mr. Raymond visited Manchester, where he was engaged for a short period, and during the summer vacation of the Manchester company, he performed a few nights at Lancaster, where Mr. Grubb, one of the then proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre happened to stop on an excursion to the Laker, saw him, and engaged him for that Theatre, on the boards of which he made his first appearance early in the following season, in the part of Osmond in the *Castle Spectre*, and was receiv-

ed with the most flattering marks of approbation. His career since that period is too well remembered to require minuting, but in the characters of the *Stranger*, *Penraddock*, *Kolla*, *Octavian*, *Gloucester*, *Macduff*, which call forth the stronger passions to their full extent, he has displayed talents sufficiently prominent to place him in a distinguished rank in his profession. His figure was manly, and his features, though of a small cast, flexible and not ill calculated to delineate the tragic muse. Notwithstanding the arduous application to, and the constant calls of, his profession, Mr. R. cultivated a taste for literature and has written some dramatic pieces, to which however he has not affixed his name; but in 1806-7, he appeared before the public as the author of the life of Dermody the Poet, to whose talents he has done ample justice, and whose memory, notwithstanding his many failings, has suffered no injury in the hands of his biographer.

How far he was qualified to appreciate the merits of a poet may be determined by a perusal of his elegant and classical account of the rise and progress of English poetry given in the preface to that work. Of the *Harp of Erin* (Dermody's poetical works) he was also the editor. There was more of partial friendship than of severe discrimination in these publications; and they at least did credit to the heart, where they brought into question the head of their author. Whether from his connections with the booksellers as an author, or from what other cause is uncertain, but about this time he felt a great inclination to interest himself in the commerce of books, and had made considerable advances towards an agreement with a respectable person of that profession (in the neighbourhood of the theatres,) for his stock and trade, and this negotiation was probably broken off by his being made acting manager of the English Opera, established at the Lyceum in 1809. The Drury Lane company, when burnt out, having taken refuge there, Mr. Raymond (we believe through the interest of Mr. Arnold) succeeded Mr. Wroughton as acting manager of that company, which appointment was not of long continuance. He however succeeded to that office a second time, only a few months ago, which he continued to hold till his death, which happened on the afternoon of Monday, the 20th of October, at his house in Chester Place, Pimlico.

There is little doubt but that the fatigue and anxiety which Mr. Raymond underwent for the last few months in preparing Drury Lane theatre for opening, and in planning its operation for the season, contributed to induce the apoplectic attack, which so suddenly and fatally terminated his career. His last appearance on the stage was after the opera on the preceding Tuesday, to announce Miss Byrne's repetition of the part of Adela in the haunted tower. He then looked rather pale and unwell; but the pleasure of the occasion took from his countenance every symptom of disease which could be considered alarming. A severe cold and cough were his only complaints, until the morning of Monday, when in writing a letter, he was

struck with apoplexy, and continued in a state of insensibility for the fourteen hours preceding his dissolution. Mr. Raymond was little past the prime of life, and of a robust form, though with that shortness of neck and fullness of habit which is generally seen in persons liable to the disorder which occasioned his death. He was not an intemperate liver; but late and heavy suppers, after the labours of the day were over, formed a species of indulgence almost the consequence of his avocations, but fatal to his health and to length of days. He has left a widow, (originally a Miss Carmichael, of Dublin) and six children, two sons and four daughters, to lament his loss; to them the most severe and afflicting; for he was a good husband and an affectionate father. Report says that a play will be acted for their benefit, and we will venture to predict that a more productive one never was performed.

As an Actor, we think, Luke in Riches was his best character. It displayed great force and vigour. But his Osmond, and parts of that description, were all exceedingly effective. His forte lay more in the powerful portraiture of sweeping passion, than in the nicer delineation of minute shades.

As Manager of Drury Lane, he was zealous, enterprising, active and indefatigable. For many weeks he had passed his time from sunrise to midnight in superintending the alterations made before opening the season. At the period we spoke of these improvements as highly satisfactory; where classic taste was left in the back ground the interests of the treasury formed a sound excuse for resorting to other modes of attraction.

His funeral, which took place last Sunday, furnished a strong proof of the esteem in which he was held. Almost the entire body of his brother performers attended, and the procession consisted of from 50 to 60 mourning coaches, filled we believe with mourners, and the private carriages of lamenting friends. The munificence of Mrs. Coutts, we have heard, was displayed on this occasion. The obsequies of Mr. Raymond were performed in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and his remains deposited with due solemnity in the burial ground of that Church.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

OTHELLO was played on Saturday with so much novelty in the cast, as to demand observation. Of Mr. Kean's Moor, we shall, however, say little: it has been canvassed till scarcely a point remains for criticism. We believe we are not singular in considering it to be his best character. The fiery temperament, and the untamed ferocity of Othello, are entirely in unison with his most effective powers in pouring the fiercest passions of the human breast. In the scenes where Iago works him up to the maddest jealousy, there is an astonishing vigour. Even where it betrays him into a degree of

excess, where his voice breaks into a discordant roar, there is a feeling which he has produced in the audience, a dreadful reality in his own sufferings, and a sense of his particular fury and national savageness, which combine to excuse, if not to recommend it. In other instances, this seems to us to be a considerable blemish. Mr. Kean had put some sort of shining bluish paste upon his cheeks, too frightfully ugly for our notions of Othello. It is true he is black, and declined into the vale of years; but therefore it is the less necessary to render him more hideous for the loves of Desdemona, by painting him with an ashy face, like a Siao Indian in a bad picture.

A young lady made her first appearance upon any stage in the soft and gentle Desdemona. Her apprehensions were extreme; but the applause, which not only the usual kindness of the audience, but her own personal attractions elicited, helped her speedily to surmount them, and obtain a sufficient measure of self-possession, to give herself to the character. The debutante has a fine figure, a handsome countenance, and a pleasing voice. The first is her greatest qualification for tragedy; for in her face there is more of beauty than strong expression; and in her tones more of sweetness than of power. Such being the requisites for Desdemona, it is almost unnecessary to add, that she looked it charmingly, and performed it with much grace and propriety. In this walk we are of opinion she will be a very pleasing acquisition to Drury Lane; but, though the impression she made upon us is very favourable, we doubt her possession of energy for the higher walk of tragedy.

Mr. Maywood played Iago—and we wish we had nothing to say about his performance. But, besides our determination to advance nothing in our criticisms upon the drama, but what we can sustain, if questioned, thus doing our duty to our readers, to the best of our judgment, we hold that the plain and impartial notice of failure in actors and of unworthy pieces, is the only method to improve the stage, to encourage real talent, to serve the Theatres, to render the meed of praise valuable where it is bestowed, and to produce that state of things in the composition of the companies, the casts of parts, and the production of good dramas, which alone can please the public, and in pleasing the public, promote the dearest interests of the theatrical world. In one word then, Mr. Maywood was a very, very indifferent Iago. He wanted the powers of his Emilia, (Mrs. Glover,) who imparted great effect to the only passages which are susceptible of effect in her part.

We have only to offer one other remark. There was so much applause from the friends of the respective candidates, and from a large proportion of the audience, that all the best scenes of the Tragedy were utterly spoilt by the constant and injudicious interruptions they received; and those who went to the theatre to enjoy the performances, were disappointed in their expectations.

On Wednesday a serious melo-drame, call-

ed *The Falls of Clyde*, was produced under the superintendence of Mr. H. Johnston, and abating the vices inherent in this species of composition, (for our opinions of which see our remarks on the Father and his Children, at the other House,) it is as clever and well sustained a piece of the kind as has been brought before the public. The moral and the sense, the nature and the consistency of melo-dramas invariably run upon all-fours. Thus, in the present instance, Ellen (Miss Kelly) is a virtuous young damsel, only unfortunate in allowing herself to be seduced; the Laird of Kenmuir (Penley) is a man of the finest sentiments of truth and honour, but, by some accident, her seducer; Edward, her brother, (Wallack) is a noble soldier, and shoots Kenmuir, upon suspicion, in a duel; the gypsies, lawless ruffians, who have sworn vengeance against the young laird, for destroying their wigwags, (as Ellangowan does in Guy Mannering,) do almost the only good action, by tending his wounds and preserving his life.

In spite, however, of these absurdities, the Falls of Clyde is so well got up, and the interest is so well maintained to the last, that it promises to run over the rocks of criticism as dashing as the river, at the place of its name, dashes over its rocky bed. The scene is laid in the Highlands, during the time of the Scots rebellion, and the piece opens with a gypsy overture,—and overthrew by Kenmuir. Then follow the grievous loves of Kenmuir and Ellen, the daughter of a worthy old Englishman, who prefers the rough hospitality of the Highlands to his own country. His son Edward, a fine spirited youth, and serjeant in a loyal Highland corps, while on a visit to his father, overhears part of a conversation between the young laird and his sister, and inflamed by a suspicion that the purpose of the former must be seduction, he arms himself and follows him. Having overtaken Kenmuir, he challenges him, they fight, and the young laird is apparently mortally wounded, and, too late, explains the nature of his connection with Ellen. Edward blames his own precipitancy, and receives the forgiveness of Kenmuir, who entrusts a case of jewels to his care, as a present for his sister. The spot where the duel is fought is near the gypsies' retreat—they find Kenmuir, but discovering that the spark of life is not extinct, they drag him to their cave, as a prize of no little worth. Edward, in the mean time is apprehended for the murder of the laird, the jewels found in his possession are presumptive evidences of his guilt, and as martial law reigns at the time in Scotland, he is sentenced to be shot. This fatal incident gives rise to many interesting scenes and hair-breadth escapes; till at length, aided by a true son of Caledonia (honest Donald, a Highland bagpiper) Kenmuir escapes, and is restored to Ellen. Edward is liberated, the gypsies are surrounded and taken prisoners, and the curtain drops.

The scenery is very effective; the dresses good; and the music (by T. Cook) is in some parts very sweet, and generally rises above mediocrity.

It is but justice to the performers, to say that they all exerted themselves with success. Miss Kelly gave great effect to the character of Ellen, and received the unanimous plaudits of the audience, though there was rather too much of violent grief allotted to her share. H. Johnston's Donald was an excellent piece of acting, and served to relieve the seriousness of the other parts. The youthful soldier was well portrayed by Wal-lack; and Knight, as an aged and virtuous father, was nature itself. The other characters were very well supported, among whom we must not omit to mention Messrs. Bengough and Smith, (gypsies) nor Penley, as the young Laird Keimuir.

COVENT GARDEN.

Last Saturday was brought forth "a new dramatic piece" in two acts, which, according to the bills, had been long in preparation, and called *The Father and His Children*. We lament exceedingly that these preparations were not continued to the Greek Calends, for a more disreputable production has not in our memory been offered to public contempt. It is taken from the French, and would disgrace the Porte St. Martin.

We would not speak thus harshly of the work in question, but from a conviction, rendered stronger by its appearance, that it is full time to make a decided stand against that class of monstrosities to which it belongs, and of which it seems to concentrate the whole folly and absurdity within its own narrow bounds. Furtive Magpies bringing innocence into jeopardy, and judicial Dogs bringing guilt to punishment, and Apes of imitative valour defending misfortune, and every animal which can furnish a trait of sagacity for the melo-drame maker, have interested humanity upon the stage till even brutes might wonder at their powers. Differing from these precious pieces only in the omission of the inferior creatures, (real horses, real dogs, real ducks, real asses,) and inheriting all their other vices, comes the sentimental afterpiece, beautifully variegated from robbery to rape, and from rape to murder, and from murder to suicide. How sublime is the mirror these hold up to nature! how amusing to the mature, how instructing to the young!

We were presumptuous enough as public writers to fancy we could by words communicate to our readers a pretty accurate idea of what we saw or heard and wished to convey to them. But these melo-dramas with their mummery and music put us to a sore trial. We will however do our endeavour to let those understand who have not seen what such a thing is, and our subject shall be *The Father and His Children*.

Ye who delight in images of starvation listen to the story of Monsieur Dumont and his family!

The scene opens with Miss Booth (Miss Dumont) in a very pale and starving condition: she is accompanied by two miserably emaciated looking brothers of four or five years of age, her "little brothers," who cry piteously that they are hungry and want bread; and no marvel, for they have not touched a morsel for twenty-four hours. It would add

finely to the tragic effect of this part, could the small-pox, measles, or hooping-cough be introduced! Well, then comes Mr. Farley, an exceeding honest, poor young man, a rustic lover of Miss Dumont, but destitute of bread and money, which she appeareth more to lack than "love or any such buffoonery." They hug and kiss the children alternately, and persuade them to go to sleep and forget famishing; but here is one of our critical puzzles to carry our readers along with us, without a gamut and an engraving. Be it known that all the pathetic and strong touches are accompanied as occasion requires by the fiddle, the piano, the trumpet, the bassoon, and the double drum. Now kissing the children is a part of pathos, and calls for the Piano—*pianissimo*; ex. gr. *Sol fa la (smack) sol fa (smack) fa la lu (smack)*.

By practising the *sol fa* in a melancholy tone, and kissing the cheeks of the prettiest girl on his right and left three times, where the "smacks" are parenthetically set down, any gentleman may form a tolerable notion of the execution of this bit of the performance. Mr. Macready, the father, returns, unable to procure work or relief, and re-enacts the despairing and fondling scene with the children. In justice to him we will say, he displayed powers worthy of a better occasion. His countenance is unfortunate, but his talent was admirable.

There not being enough of distress in this faint picture, we have the son of the commandant (Mr. Abbott), who under a feigned name endeavours to seduce, and does finally carry off Miss Dumont. This taste for a half-starved wench is somewhat uncommon, but the Colonel is altogether an odd, wicked, worthless scoundrel, and his servant (Mr. Blanchard) is not a whit better, though a little more sportive in his iniquities. When these two enter, the trombone and gong announce horrible mischief—

Pruitt-trutt-trutt—(crash)

Bom-bom, ding-dong, (thump)

Cecilia of course declines the honours intended by these visitors—she even resists their advances as potently as her weak condition permits, and lo! a sort of dirge on the violin brings her papa to her rescue. He disarms the Colonel (*twang-tweedle-twang*) who retires leaving his pistol and a pocket-book, with which he had tried to bribe the daughter. This is returned to the skulking varlet, his servant. The two little children run out from the closet, where the cunning rogues stopped all the time of the fray, and jumping on their father's knees, cry for bread and butter, (*slow music*), Cecilia faints on a chair (*slower*), the father leaps up in utter desperation, (*phthoo, tut-ut-ut-phthoo phroo too*), seizes a cloak and the pistol (*double bass*), and rushes out to commit a robbery, (*double bass again*).

We forgot a procession of dancing villagers, to a shrine erected to St. Agnes, opposite Dumont's cottage, in which Mr. Noble is as straitened in his—clothes, as Mr. Macready is in his circumstances, and in truth we are of opinion that neither are fit to be so exposed upon the stage. Male dancers do wrong to show their shapes in a way more indecorous than nudity. The lit-

tle children are brought out by Mr. Farley, and sit on his knee to see the dance; and the author's knowledge of human nature is here charmingly displayed, for all the while Miss Lappino and the corps de ballet are skipping about, the urchins do not squall so much as once for bread and butter. This is because their minds are amused (more than ours was!); from which we may gather this useful lesson, that a show of dancing is a tolerable succedaneum for meat to little children; just as history tells of a tutor, who, unable to get his tired charge home while night and storm were gathering, cut each a stick, and setting them astraddle on these wooden horses, they forgot all their fatigues and scampered home in high style. But, to our family affair.

Act Second, we have the Commandant (Mr. Egerton) with his regiment in a wood (*military band*)—he is left alone; the father assaults him, but overcome with horror at his own act, throws himself at his feet, explains his motive, and gets a purse for his pains. Blanchard imposing on Peter (Farley) renders him an accomplice in carrying off Cecilia, and being overheard, implicates him in the Commandant's suspicions. A grand fight ensues, when the lady is torn away; the little children run about and screech, Mr. Farley fights furiously with swords, and to aid his valiant efforts, claps a child upon his shoulder, and threatens to hurl it against his adversaries (a good burlesque of Rolla)—they however disarm him, abstract the damsel, and lock her defender in. The Commandant luckily meets the ravishers and rescues Cecilia; her father and lover seek her at the Chateau, (which is beautiful and does great credit to the scene-painter) where they are stopped as the criminals, &c.; but the Colonel is discovered by the simple accident of having left a locket, belonging to his mother, in the possession of the Captain with whom he struggled when the young lady was delivered. The denouement consists in the disgrace of the good Commandant's bad Son, the re-union of the starving family, the administering of huge slices of bread and butter to the little children, the satisfaction of her appetite by Cecilia, and the happy German moral illustration, that robbing through necessity is more commendable than cool villainy, rape, and intended murder.

We shall not add to the length of this criticism by dwelling on the want of taste involved in the supposition that such disgusting and painful representations could be agreeable to the public, or that starving men, women, or children, could be made interesting on the stage, and far less the entire support of a drama. It might have occurred, we think, that the subject was every way unsuitable,—that if ill acted, it would be abominable; if well acted, horrible; and however acted, not endurable. It was well acted, and has our most decided reprobation.

Having stated our opinion of this melo-drama, it may afford some relief to the picture, to connect with it, by way of episode, a couple of extracts from the continental press which bear upon its merits. The first,

though of some months' standing, seems as if it anticipated such a production and the fate it deserved, though our audiences are becoming too polite to throw apple-skins on the stage.

"On a joué, (says one who would be witty at our expense) il y a peu de temps, au petit théâtre de Lyon, un vaudeville intitulé, *Le Mariage par appétit*, dont l'intrigue a paru bien maigre. Dans une des scènes de cette rapsodie, l'amoureuse, mourant de faim, demandait à déjeuner: 'Que n'est-elle à Londres? dit un plaisant, on lui jetterait des pommes cuites.'"

One other extract is a jeu-d'esprit on these monstrous Melo-dramas, and taken from the German.

It would appear that the Rhodes affair has rendered murders and assassinations the fashionable topics of conversation. Certain Journalists, who well know the interest with which the greater portion of mankind listen to the details of all that is extravagant and horrible, have invented and added new scenes to the dreadful tragedy. Our modern *Crehillons* have eagerly seized on this event, and Heaven knows the profit they may derive from Madine. Manson, whose discretion and impenetrability will, without contradiction, constitute a character entirely new to the stage. Thanks to the corruption of taste, we may expect that the success of the Melo-drama of Rhodes will exceed that of the *Pie-voleuse*, and all the other dramatic monstrosities which attest the degeneration of the art, and perhaps of our manners.

One of the Parisian Journalists, who have lately amused themselves by adding new episodes to the Rhodes investigation, received a day or two ago the following letter:

"Sir, An unnatural mother, who was a short time since delivered in a hay-loft attached to my residence, has devoured her four children. If you think the mention of this circumstance worthy of a place in your valuable Journal, you have my permission to insert it.

"One of your Subscribers."

Little presents of this kind are seldom rejected; and, moreover, the one in question furnished matter for an excellent dissertation on the disastrous influence of corrupt manners. Whilst profoundly ruminating on his text, a ray of light suddenly beamed on the mind of the writer—Four children devoured, and four editions of Voltaire published. What a happy combination of events! The homily was quite ready, when, by an unlucky accident, a blockhead of a servant arrived with the following letter, which his master had desired him not to deliver until the morning after:

"I forgot to state, Sir, that the four children to whom I alluded in my former note, were four pretty little kittens, and I beg you will mention this circumstance by way of supplement to your article."

Heavens! what a fortunate escape! exclaimed the historian, who was thus disappointed of the *infantophagicide*; but I'll be revenged, and will instantly insert a paragraph, stating that I have been made the subject of an atrocious hoax.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

The politics and news of the past week do not embarrass us with much matter: like Gratiano's reasons, they are "as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search." The daily Press has however been interestingly occupied with the reports of the trials for high treason at Derby, with detailed accounts from India, and with such other more minute matters of foreign and domestic intelligence as are now generally contained in a London newspaper, rendering it at the same time one of the most curious, amusing, and important publications in the world, though custom has made us insensible or unmindful of this circumstance.

The trials at Derby have closed, in a manner which we think all men must unite in approving. The dominion of the laws has been manifested; the mercy which tempers their administration has been displayed; power has been exercised under the control of Justice, and the Sacrifice demanded for the common safety, has been accompanied by a Peace-offering to the common feeling of humanity. Of the unhappy men thrown upon juries of their country for trial, four have been condemned to the death of traitors, namely, Jeremiah Brandreth, called the 'Nottingham Captain,' William Turner, Isaac Ludlam, and George Weightman: the last was recommended to mercy, on account of his youth and former good character. Nineteen others having withdrawn their plea of "not guilty," and pleaded guilty, were also condemned to death, but with an understanding that they should be objects of mercy: and the remaining twelve, not being proceeded against by the prosecutors, were discharged with a solemn admonition.

We lament to record an afflicting accident from shipwreck. The William and Mary packet, Manly, from Bristol to Waterford, struck on the Wolf-rocks, near the Flat-holm, on the night of the 22d instant, and soon after foundered, when 33 of her crew and passengers perished. The total number of persons on board was 56; and among the drowned are the Captain (Mawly), and several ladies and gentlemen of respectability.

A Reforming bustle has sprung up among the Scots Bourroughs, which seems to excite some stir in places which have heretofore been quiescent in political controversies.

The *Courier* Newspaper states another proof of the improvement of the revenue.

That arising from the Excise, the most deficient in the annual accounts to October, was last week 220,000*l.* more than the corresponding week of the preceding year: the increase is chiefly on Malt and Salt;—the latter we should be glad to see diminished, and the former increased.

The accounts from India confirm the opinions we offered in our last Number. The Cuttack insurrection shuns the force sent to subdue it, and was already confined to an inaccessible district, and the British communications re-opened. The Mahratta and other predatory powers seem staggered by the display of strength and firmness made by our government: they were not ready for a coalition,—we were ready to put them down, and we trust the occasion will not be allowed to slip. In the East these states are, upon land, what the Barbary pirates are in the European seas; and the repose and security of the world require that both should be strictly bound in and confined to limits consistent with the rights and happiness of the rest of mankind.

There has been an inundation of documents from South America, but they are all of a dubious or absurd character. In Mexico it is said a more extended rising has taken place, and from Amelia Island, we hear, that General M'Gregor, who had just declared the Floridas in a state of blockade, has fled, leaving his followers, 94 in number, to shift for themselves! Of this terrible band we have the most magnificent bulletins—their "formidable" appearance, their invincible resolution, their "brisk cannonades," with two swivels! The stage does not furnish so ludicrous a caricature of war.

The Continental papers do not afford us any important information, and chiefly repeat old and doubtful rumours. Baron Sturmer, the Austrian Commissioner, is recalled from St. Helena to go *Chargé d'Affaires* to the United States. The Duke of Wellington has repaired to his head-quarters at Cambray from Paris. There is a report that the new Dey of Algiers has been strangled, but it does not rest on good authority; and we rejoice to say the same of a report of the death of Talma.

A click of French revolutionary officers, including Clausel, Lefevre Desnouettes, Grouchy, Vandamme, the two Lallemands, Labanal, Penniers, Garnier de Saintes, Count Real, and others, have proceeded on an expedition to the Mobile, where we doubt not we shall soon hear of their movements, for they are not men to remain quiet.

The celebrated Polish patriot Kosciuszko died at Soleure on the 15th October. Campbell has added to his immortality, in the Pleasures of Hope. "Hope for a season bade the world farewell, And Freedom shriek'd when Kosciuszko fell."

VARIETIES.

MR. WEST'S PICTURE.

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

This sublime subject we had only an opportunity of seeing yesterday, and can therefore do little more than introduce it to our readers. It is from the fine sketch by the venerable president, with which all the admirers of painting are familiar, from having seen it for many years in his gallery. When we say that the grandeur and spirit of this composition is not only fully sustained in the great picture, but improved by the suggestions of severer study and more matured experience, we shall only prepare the public for what it will shortly witness, one of the most extraordinary and sublime works which this age or country has produced. The opening of the seals in the 6th chapter of Revelations, one of the most terrible mysteries in the Christian religion, seemed almost above the powers of art. But what Milton has achieved in verse, is not faintly followed by West on canvas; and at the age of eighty years he has, by this effort, in our humble judgment, consummated his immortality.

At present we can do no more than promise to pay proper attention to this remarkable production in our subsequent numbers. In about ten days, we understand, it will be opened to public view.

THE PSEUDO-EMPEROR.

We translate the following from the Paris Journal to which it appears to be addressed, on account of the humorous account it gives of the pretended Emperor.

To the Editor of the Quotidienne.

Montmerle, Sept. 19.

Permit me, Sir, to address to you a few lines concerning the ex-emperor of Trevoux, of whom you made mention in your Journal of the 14th inst. I can assure you that if the correctional tribunal of this town had not condemned him to five years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of fifty francs, he would one day or other have become a mighty prince. He wanted only to be encouraged instead of arrested in his career; for during his reign of about fifty days he advanced almost as far as though he had reigned a hundred. You can form no idea of the condescension which he manifested to me and all my family. When he deigned to enter my house in the *Faubourg de Montmerle*, I threw myself at his feet as be-

came me: he however immediately stretched forth his hand, saying, as he did to the bell-ringer at *St. Paul de Varaz*, "Rise, rise, I beg; I am but a man as well as yourself."

Could any thing be more polite, more liberal than this? In a word I saw no difference between him and any other man, and he accommodated himself to circumstances with charming familiarity. Our supper was by no means abundant; yet he expressed himself quite satisfied with what was placed before him; and during the conviviality of the repast, he let us into a number of state secrets, concerning which we could never have presumed to question him.

He observed that we inspired him with boundless confidence. He told my wife that he would shortly make her a lady of honour; but she, with her accustomed modesty, replied, that she was incompetent to fill so high a place, and that she was moreover very indifferent about it, since it must prove an extremely difficult task to persons who were unused to things of that sort. He likewise proposed that I should make choice of a place. I told him I had no objection to become collector for the *arrondissement* of Montmerle; but the emperor observed that that was too insignificant a post, and that I was born to fill a higher station. He added, that he had some places in view with regard to Montmerle, and that he should one day make it one of his good cities.

He then promised to convert my sons into the pretty pages, and in the meanwhile gave to each a piece of ten centimes, which so delighted them that they nearly stunned us with cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* A few moments afterwards the good prince requested me to lend him fifteen francs, observing that a sovereign always had many difficulties to encounter at the commencement of his reign. I immediately brought the fifteen francs, and begged that he would accept of them without the payment of interest, as I thought myself too happy in having found an opportunity to oblige his majesty; on which he said, "Old man, I shall not forget this conduct." Indeed I am very certain he would not have forgotten it, had it not been for the correctional tribunal of Trevoux.

We continued to chat together for above an hour; he opened his portfolio, and showed me several letters, dated from Morocco and various cities of the east; in which after the usual compliments between sovereigns and cousins, he received offers of money and troops at discretion, to enable him to commence and finish the conquest of the universe. It began to grow late, so we wished each other good night, and retired to rest. To our great astonishment, however, his majesty set off early next morning, without even bidding us farewell.

Judge what was our consternation, when we learned a few days afterwards, that he had been arrested by the police of Trevoux, with all his papers, in which mention was made of five hundred millions of money, and at least five hundred thousand men; yet all this vast force could not protect him against five judges. Thus was another empire overthrown in this nether world; and an empire to which it would have been difficult to find an equal.

I have the honour to remain, Sir, with astonishment, your very humble servant,

DIN DOW,
Bell-founder at Montmerle.

M. Schoepfel of Baireuth nearly confirms the prognostics of M. Chevalier, respecting the temperature of the ensuing winter, which he announces will be very dry and cold. He intends shortly to publish his Meteorological System, the result of long observation, by which he believes himself able to predict six months before hand, the principal variations of the temperature of the air in that period.

PARIS, Oct. 12.—While the plague is desolating Africa and other Southern countries, M. Brizé Fradin, Member of the Academy of Sciences at Bourdeaux, announces that he has succeeded in perfecting the usual methods employed for disinfection. By means of new apparatus, the irritating and injurious vapours of the acid are destroyed; a fresh, pure, inodorous, abundant air, is constantly supplied to the persons charged with the care of the infected, and the burial of the dead. Messrs. Chausser, Mérat and Thillaye, Doctors of Medicine of the Royal Faculty of Paris, have given the author of this invention certificates of its efficacy, which are calculated to inspire the greatest confidence.

The Prussian Government has charged M. Humphreys, an English engineer, (who has already received a privilege for steamboats in the Prussian dominions), with a great and useful operation, for the purpose of clearing the current of the Elbe, where trunks of trees, deeply buried in the mud, or piles long since driven into the bed of the river, render some parts difficult and dangerous to the vessels which navigate it. Mr. Humphreys has invented a machine, the direction and working of which require only one boatman and three workmen, and which produces the most powerful effects. In the experiments which have been already made with this machine, 25 piles shod with iron, and rammed thirteen feet deep into a rocky soil, were pulled up in an hour and a half, bringing up with them great pieces of the rock in which they were fixed. Trees lying in the bed of the river and covered with sand and mud, were removed with still greater facility. Every thing announces that this invention will render signal service to navigation.

Flemish Agriculture and Rural Economy.—One of the Members of the Royal Society of Agriculture and Botany of this city (Ghent), having procured at London some seed of the globe turnips, which he had cultivated when he was in England, offered last year by the medium of the public prints, to distribute some gratis to any of the local authorities who should ask for it, and also some of the seed of the Rutabaga or Swedish Colza (Cole seed), which his friend the celebrated agriculturist Sir John Sinclair, had thought might be substituted with advantage for the species of Colza cultivated in Belgium, because it can better endure the inclemency

* Our Fine Art's department was made up before this notice was written.

of the climate, and produces a prodigious abundance of excellent seed. M. d'Hondt d'Arcy has thus the satisfaction of giving new species, to a great many amateurs in different provinces of the kingdom, and particularly at Sledinghe, near Ghent. J. F. Martens, a farmer of that commune, has raised globe turnips of such an extraordinary size that two of them are a sufficient meal for a cow. The Mayor of Sleydinghe, who visited the spot, found one which measured an ell and a half round (a Flemish ell is three quarters of a yard.) One of these turnips was weighed on the 9th instant at a public weigh-house, and its real weight was 12 kilograms, or 27lb. 11 ounces. We should be glad to know how these globe turnips have succeeded elsewhere, and what has been the result of the cultivation of the Colza, for which we are indebted to the celebrated Scotch agriculturist.

The following Extract from a private Letter from Madrid, shows that alterations and improvements are going on even in Spain.

"A Journal has recently been established here, entitled *The Chronicle of Science and Literature*; it has already attained its thirty-fourth number. The conductors have adopted the form of the French public papers, which may indeed be looked upon as an innovation. The publication treats of the theatres, fashion, commerce, and occasionally of politics. The last number contained among other things an analysis of a Melo-drama, which has lately been produced at one of our theatres; some remarks on the Opera of *La Vestale*, which has been performed here with barbarous mutilations both in the music and poetry; and a pretended letter from a Parisian Milliner to an Elegante of Madrid. These articles are extremely witty and contain good critical observations. We are soon to have *Russian Mountains*, and already have *feuilletons*, which are well worth those of your Journalists; And you who judge others, will now in your turns be judged."

The collection of medals of the Royal Family of France has lately been augmented by a portrait of the *Duc d'Enghien*, executed by M. Gatteaux. The noble and interesting features of the young prince are delineated on the bronze with all the talent for which that celebrated artist is distinguished. The whole figure is expressive of gentleness and dignity, and the soul of the great *Condé* may be recognised in every line. The reverse of this medal, which is singularly beautiful, represents a courser terrified by the loss of his rider, whose armour lies scattered on the ground. At the bottom are inscribed the terrible words, *Vincennes 24th of March, 1804*; and on the exergue, *Perit heros*. The protection which the King and his august family have extended to this enterprise, would be sufficient to ensure its success; but the object and execution of the work cannot fail to excite the interest of a nation which loves and cherishes its princes.

Bon-mot of Madame de Stael.—M. Baour wished Mad. de Stael to hear some passages

of his Jerusalem, a poem. She consented; and he had been reading for more than an hour, when some one whispered to her, "It is very fine, but you doubtless find it a little too long"—"No," replied the lady, "I take my pleasure patiently."

No-Honesty in Dingwall!—A party of Comedians on a Tour to the North of Scotland, stopped lately on their way at Dingwall, in Ross-shire, with the intention of performing for a few nights; but the Minister gave intimation from the pulpit, that they should not get leave to act, "because the clerks of the counting-houses, shopmen, and servants of all descriptions, would steal money from their masters to pay for seeing the performances!"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FRANKLIN'S CORRESPONDENCE.—The Public will be pleased to hear that the Octavo Edition of these interesting Letters is now published. The Monthly Reviewers do but justice to the writer when they say, that by the publication of the present volume, the elevated reputation of Franklin for virtue, for knowledge, for probity, and for talents, will suffer no diminution, since it bears ample testimony to the fidelity of his mind, to the solidity of his judgment, to the justness of his views, to the amenity of his manners, and to his ardent desire for promoting the happiness of mankind. Some characters appear great only when contemplated at a distance, and on a nearer inspection excite only derision or contempt; but the character of Franklin will bear the distant and microscopic view. We may follow him from the great Theatre of Politics, where he discussed the destiny of nations, to his domestic fire-side, where he conversed with his friends, and trifled with his grand-children, without any deduction from our reverence and esteem.—Nothing artificial appeared in his character, and he was never indebted for his sanctity to a mask.

The deposed King of Sweden is about to publish a memoir entitled, *Reflections upon my principal Military Operations*, by Gustavus Adolphus Gustafson, ci-devant King of Sweden. The memoir is preceded by the following preface:—"I submit these reflections to the examination of an enlightened public, if there be such. I am, at all events, desirous that persons of skill and real merit should regard them with an experienced eye. (Signed)

GUSTAVE-ADOLPHE GUSTAFSON,
Ci-devant King of Sweden."

The first volume of the Course of Literature, by M. Le Mercier, is just published: it announces a classic successor and rival of La Harpe and Chenier, and appears worthy the previous reputation of the estimable author.

The third and fourth volumes, in octavo, of M. Humboldt and Bonpland's Travels in South America, with an Atlas, have appeared: and also the fifth and sixth volumes of the celebrated *Précis of Military Courts, or Historical Essays on the Campaigns of 1799 to 1814*, by General Mathieu Dumas.

The Rev. Isaac Taylor, of Ongar, is about to publish a work, entitled *Self-cultivation Recommended*, or, Hints to a Youth leaving School.

Zapolya; a Christmas Tale, by S. T. Coleridge, will appear in a few days.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

October 17—Thursday.

Thermometer from 38 to 44.

Barometer from 30.04 to 30.16.

Wind N. N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy, and raining hard.

Friday, 18—Thermometer from 35 to 49.

Barometer from 30.28 to 30.24.

Wind N. E. 1.—Generally cloudy, with a short smart hail storm about 2.—Rain fallen, .5 of an inch.

Saturday, 19—Thermometer from 36 to 45.

Barometer from 30.14 to 30.05.

Wind N. and N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy, with much rain till the evening, when it became quite clear.

Sunday, 20—Thermometer from 36 to 47.

Barometer from 30.10 to 30.09.

Wind N. and N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy.—Rain fallen, .125 of an inch.

Monday, 21—Thermometer from 36 to 48.

Barometer from 30.13 to 30.17.

Wind N. and N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy.

Tuesday, 22—Thermometer from 36 to 52.

Barometer from 30.11 to 30.02.

Wind N. b. W. and E. b. N. O.

Wednesday, 23—Thermometer from 39 to 49.

Barometer from 30.02 to 30.04.

Wind N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became quite clear.

Many leaves fallen lately; the Sycamore and Horse-chestnut trees nearly leafless.

Latitude 51. 37. 32. N.

Longitude 3. 51. W.

JOHN ADAMS.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

October 23—Thursday.

Thermometer from 35 to 51.

Barometer from 30.15 to 30.14.

Wind N. and N. b. E. 3.—Generally cloudy.

Friday, 24—Thermometer from 39 to 47.

Barometer from 30.11 to 30.09.

Wind N. b. E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy, with much small rain.—Rain fallen .05 of an inch.

Saturday, 25—Thermometer from 38 to 49.

Barometer from 30.06 to 30.0.

Wind N. and S. E.—Generally cloudy.

Sunday, 26—Thermometer from 37 to 52.

Barometer from 29.96 to 29.93.

Wind S. b. E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy.

Monday, 27—Thermometer from 29 to 50.

Barometer from 29.89 to 29.60.

Wind S. b. E. 2.—A thick fog in the morning, which broke off about ten; the rest of the day cloudy.

Tuesday, 28—Thermometer from 31 to 51.

Barometer from 29.69 to 29.61.

Wind S. E. and S. 1.—Generally cloudy.—Rain fallen .1 of an inch.

Wednesday, 29—Thermometer from 33 to 46.

Barometer from 30.68 to 30.77.

Wind S. W. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.—Rain fallen 1.05 of an inch.

The Wind after having been for so long a time N. and N. E., has only last Saturday changed to the S. and S. E.

Latitude 51. 37. 32. N.

Longitude 3. 51 W.

JOHN ADAMS.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Review of Surgeon M'Leod's Narrative of the *Alcestis's Voyage* has been unavoidably postponed till next week, when we trust also to present our Readers with an accurate Biographical Memoir of the late Henry Erskine, now preparing.